Challenger Deep
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Issue #2
22 pages

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1st Draft

Issue 2

<u>Page 1</u>
5 horizontal panels.

Panel 1
Close up of Chase in the classic “I want you” stance.
http://images.google.com/imgres?imgurl=http://www.auxpdept.org/image/UncleSamPriont6X6inch.jpg&imgrefurl=http://www.auxpdept.org/membership.htm&h=1800&w=1773&sz=458&hl=en&start=1&sig2=6dhyZgkUAwpU_7L1600JzA&tbnid=mjMtA8k7fq8BpM:&tbnh=150&tbnw=148&ei=i9E-SMXpEI7aiAGp9NDODA&prev=/images%3Fq%3Duncle%2Bsam%26gbv%3D2%26hl%3Den%26sa%3DG

Chase: We’ve got a matter of hours to get to the middle of Pacific Ocean and dive deeper than anyone ever has.

Chase: And then we’re going to rescue a bunch of kids and deactivate enough nukes to ignite the Methane Ice at the bottom of the ocean.

Chase: If that stuff goes up, the world ends.

Chase: Simple as that.

Chase: So, are you in?

Panel 2
Two shot of Morgan James and Omar Thomas. They both have a “you’ve got to be kidding me!” look on their faces. Morgan is annoyed while Omar looks a bit confused by Chase trying to recruit him. One eyebrow cocked up in the on the nose end—that sort of thing.

Morgan: Seriously? You’re asking for my help?

Omar: Put is aside, Morgan. The man’s depending on us.

Morgan: You forget our last outing with Ahab here, Omar?

Omar: Different time. Different man. Look at him.

Panel 3
Christina Clover reacts to the proposal. She’s intrigued. She’s in a lab with a group of other scientist she thinks she’s too good for. So she’s considering it.

Chase (off panel): So, are you in?

Christina: Let’s see… I could stick around here and play second fiddle to a bunch of comparative morons or I could go risk my life.

Christina: ‘Bout time I spent my time on something deserving of my time, attention, and skills.

Panel 4
Reginald Brown is a Military Communications expert. He’s stoic faced and saluting, accepting orders. He’s in a military base.

Chase (off panel): So, are you in?

Brown: Sir, yes, sir. Anything you need, sir.

Chase: I hear you have done deep dives before and you’re an expert with communications systems. True?

Brown: I can talk to Armstrong and Glenn while I’m diving deeper than the Humpbacks, sir.

Panel 5
Varley Jefferson reacts. He’s in a different kind of lab than Christina. He’s got a work bench with all kinds of tech scattered over it. He’s a bit crazy. Varley is tinkering with his pet project—the” Diver Dawg” capable of diving deeper than Kaiko. His expression tells us he’s excited to put Diver Dawg to the test.

Chase (off panel): So, are you in?

Varley: Dude, totally in. This is the shizzaz.

Chase: Um, how old are you?

Varley: I watch a lot of TV.

Chase: Old TV.

Varley: I like what I like.

Chase: You can do what I’m asking?

Varley: Not me, Dr. Chase. But my Diver Dawg can!

Chase: Let me guess. Diver Dawg. With a “D A W G,” right?

Varley: I like what I like.

<u>Page 2</u>
5 panels.

Panel 1
Establishing shot (probably about half the page). The recruits are on a dock about to board their vessel to take them out to see. She's a big boat with lots of equipment to lower stuff deep into the water, so make sure you establish GIANT SPOOLS OF CABLE on the deck. Other than that, I don't much care what we see. If you want to put the Diver Dawg on the deck under a tarp, that would be cool. A couple of deep sea diver suits would be nice if you can fit it.

The important thing is that we put all of our characters in one spot with their luggage and equipment. Whatever is appropriate for each one. Remember that only Morgan and Omar have met before. So they can be chummy.

Christina is flirting with Varley asking him to carry her luggage. He's buying her every work—hook, line, and sinker.

Caption: 7 hours later.

Caption: Time to detonation: 16:38:22.

Omar: Remember, Morgan. Whatever you feel, concentrate on the mission. Not on the man.

Morgan: Okay, already. I'm good. Chase is an ass, but I'm on point.

Christina (to Varley): I don't suppose you'd be willing to help me out a bit, would you, Dr. Varley?

Varley: It's Dr. Jefferson. Varley is my first name. You are…

Christina: Dr. Christina Clover.

Panel 2
Christina and Varley. Varley is operating a hand-held remote control. A mechanical arm has descended from the ship's deck and is grabbing Christina's luggage. He's very pleased with himself and his machine.

Varley: Well, Christie, I think me and the Dawg can help you out.

Varley: Check it.

Christina: Wow. That is sooooo impressive.

Panel 3
Chase runs up the gangway to the boat barking that everyone needs to hussle up—time is a of the essence!

Chase:	Hussle it up, people! We've got a matter of hours to get out there and do one test run on equipment before we do the real deal.
Chase:	If we're late, then we lose the test run and that ain't good. Double time it!

Panel 4
Morgan turns to Omar playfully pointing at him.

Morgan:	I never should have let you talk me into this. Chase's crazier than ever.
Omar:	Probably. But you know you love it.
Omar:	I still can't get over how he looks.

Panel 5
Brown, hefting some pretty large cases of Communications equipment asks what Morgan means, by "Crazier than ever."

Brown:	Excuse me, Sir. Just how crazy is this guy?
Omar:	Nothin' to worry about. We all go back aways.
Morgan:	No, Omar. They have a right to know.

<u>Page 3</u>
6 panels.

Note: This whole page is a flash back sequence. If we did a coloring effect for the couple of flashback panels last issue, it should be consistent here.

Panel 1
I'd like to see Morgan's head in full color act as the left panel border here with his face (shadows on his left side—so the reader's right). The shadows form the black of the sea. I'm trying to make a visual lead in from present day Morgan (as narrator) to the past scene.

Where the flash back sequence starts (to the right of Morgan's head) we should see the open water. No land in sight, just a single small boat.

Morgan: We were on Chase's last expedition about five or so years ago.

Morgan: He's a genius, no two ways about it. And not a bad guy. At least, not at first.

Panel 2
Flashback panel. Close on Elizabeth as she gets serious and raises a bottle of cold, sweating champagne (unopened). Elizabeth is telling them that after tomorrow, when they've made history, they'll open the bottle and drink together.

Next to Elizabeth, if there is room, is her husband Eric Chase—our main character. Note that in the flashback scenes that Chase is a bigger guy. Muscular and just thinker in general and he has a full head of hair, maybe even a beard if that works.

Morgan (caption): We were charting the same area we're headed to now—the Marian Trench's deepest point, the cavern at the bottom called Challenger Deep.

Morgan: I can only assume that Chase's familiarity with the Challenger Deep is why he was picked for this mission.

Morgan: Anyway, all was well. We'd become friends—Chase, Omar here, and our three compatriots—Jose Sotomayor, Justin Hollowell, and Elizabeth.

Elizabeth: This delicious looking, icy cold bottle of champagne is for our return. We're about to go deeper than anyone ever has before. And when we come back, we'll pop the court. But not before then.

Panel 3
Flashback panel. Omar is inspecting a deep see submersible vessel that they're about to use. With Omar is Justin Hollowell and Jose Sotomayor. Elizabeth, Eric Chase, and Morgan are in the background to keep continuity. Omar says she's looking good. Jose is excited—she looks better than good! This ship has never looked better!

Omar: The Dunking booth is looking good.

Jose: Better than good, O. It almost looks eager to get wet and get DOWN.

Justin: You're a freak, Soto. You know that?

Jose: What? Is it wrong to love what I do?

Panels 4-6
Suggested layout: I thing Panels 4-6 would be most effective as long tall panels, but if you've got a better idea, that's fine with me too.

Panel 4
The vessel is submerged. It's small in the frame. We're looking straight down at it. The umbilical chord is extending straight up towards us and off panel. The chord is taught, so it's in a straight line.

Morgan (caption): It all went according to plan. Everything looked fine.

Panel 5
Same shot but the chord extends down so far that it just fades away. The chord is tight so it's taught and in a straight line.

Morgan (caption): And everything was fine. Going great. Until…

Panel 6
Same shot as panel 5 except the chord is now very wavy. Not straight at all, like a rubber band that was stretched to the breaking point and then snapped.

Morgan (caption): …it wasn't.

<u>Page 4</u>
5 panels.

Panel 1
Tight on Morgan's face. We're back to the present now. He looks somber.

Morgan: Turns out the chord had a weak point from the cold. It snapped.

Morgan: And we lost three good people that shouldn't have died.

Morgan: Is Chase crazy? I don't know. But he hasn't been back to the ocean since.

Panel 2
Christina asks why Chase is back for this mission if he hasn't been back at sea since the accident.

Christina: And why would you come back for this? Why would he come back now?

Panel 3
Brown intervenes. He knows the answer. He's handing over a folder to the crew which contains, among other things, a list of the crew on the USS Texas. He reveal that Chase's wife Elizabeth's maiden name is Hennessey.

Morgan: I'm not sure.

Brown: I can answer that.

Brown: Elizabeth Chase—our captain's wife—has a brother. He's in the Navy.

Panel 4
Tight on Brown. "Chase's baby brother-in-law is on that sub."

Brown: Chase's baby brother-in-law is on the sub we're going to find.

Panel 5
Reaction shot of Morgan. He's stunned and he knows the kid's name without looking at the contents of the folder.

Morgan: Ryan?

<u>Page 5</u>
5 panels.

Panel 1
Exterior establishing shot of the Texas sub, lying on it's side—at a 45 degree angle, leaking small amounts of bubbles from midship. We should see that it is sitting on a bed of cracked ice.

Speers (from within): Report?

Panel 2
Interior of the sub. Remember, everything is tilted at a 45 degree angle and the water level should be a bit higher than in issue 1, showing that time has passed. We're in the Control and Command room. Same guys as last issue.

NOTE: Remember to keep everyone off balance. The ship isn't right and so it's tough to move around. Everyone has to hold onto something at all times to steady themselves. Also, they're all freezing from the sub-zero water invading the ship. And it's dark. Very dark. The only light is the red light coming form emergency lighting and that's not a lot. It needs to feel cold, cramped and hopeless at all times on the sub.

Moore: We're not going to last much longer in here, sir.

Speers: That much, I can tell for myself, Moore. Any other news?

Moore: Sorry, sir. Not that I can see.

D'Angelo: It's frickin' freezing in here, Mr. Biggelsworth.

Speers: Stow it, D'Angelo. I understand this is not ideal an ideal situation, but maintain composure.

Panel 3
Moor is pointing behind him. C&C is flooding and they've got to move aft, towards the missiles if they're going to survive.

Moore: Sir, I think we need to move aft. Chances are better that we'll have more air that way.

Speers: Towards the nuclear devices. Fantastic. Let's do it.

Panel 4

Close on Speers. That makes sense. He tells Moore to grab some supplies and D'Angelo to crab the Captain.

Speers: Moore, grab the Potassium Superoxide. I hope we won't need it, but if we do…

Moore: Aye, sir.

Speers: D'Angelo, uncuff our esteemed captain and bring him with us.

D'Angelo: Aye, sir.

Panel 5
The captain is being uncuffed by D'Angelo. He's not watching the cuffs come off. Instead, he's looking in the opposite direction towards Speers saying something with an urgent look on his face.

Holden: Speers. I know you think I've lost it, but listen to me. Our orders are to protect those bombs.

Holden: I'm telling you they're out there. On their way here right now. If we survived this deep, so can they and they're going to get our nukes and use them against us—against our families!

<u>Page 6</u>
5 panels.

Panel 1
Close up on the captain as Speer's hands slap heavy duct tape over the captain's mouth. Speers has clearly heard enough. The captain is rightfully pissed off.

Holden: Mmmf--

Panel 2
Close on Speer's eyes.

Speers: I've heard enough.

Panel 3
Moore is loading his arms up with a bunch of Potassium superoxide chemical cartridges in his arms. These are rectangular boxes probably about half a meter long (maybe a little less), 30 cm tall and probably 20 cm across. They should be labeled (at least so we can see one). For your reference: these boxes, when opened, absorb carbon dioxide (which will kill people) and releases oxygen (which will save people) in an enclosed environment, giving suffocating victims much more time than they would normally have.

Moore: I've got six Superoxide cartridges, Commander.

Moore: Are we going to scuttle the ship, sir?

Speers: We're only to do that after we've lost contact for 72 hours. Until that time, our goal is to survive. Those cartridges you're carrying absorb Carbon Diozide and release Oxygen. They'll buy us the maximum amount of time possible.

Speers: If it comes to that.

Panel 4
Everyone is wading through the water towards the door. Speers in front.

Speers: If the time limit expires, then we'll see if we're in condition to scuttle. Until we've got enough manpower to operate this boat, the conversation is moot.

D'Angelo: You're saying we're going to save ourselves just so we can blow up the ship? That seems redundant.

Speers: It is what it is. We're soldiers first and sailors second. We make our decisions based on our orders. We act. We forge ahead. And that's why no Naval officer is ever a victim.

Panel 5
Everyone is through the door and Speers is shutting it.

Speers: Hope everyone packed a lunch, because there's no turning back now.

Caption: Time to detonation: 06:12:29.

Page 7
4 panels.

Panel 1
Establishing shot of two divers in deep diving suits. They're down deep. Very little light. This panel should take up the whole page with the rest of the panels inset inside of it. It'll give the whole page a deep, dark feel to it.

Morgan (in dive suit, lower of the two): I can't believe you've been down this far, Chase. I didn't think the cold would get to you through the suit, but I think I'm going numb. Is that normal?

Brown (in dive suit, above Morgan): It ain't right, man. This can't be right. I can't feel my legs. They're heavy.

Panel 2
Close up on Morgan inside the helmet. It's cold.

Chase (Radio balloon): Okay, guys. Ease down. You're over a two kilometers under water. That's a lot of stuff floating in the sea to block out the sun.

Chase: It's completely normal for you to be cold.

Morgan: Humans are made to be in the sun, Eric. There's absolutely nothing NORMAL about this. How did you do it?

Chase: Same way you're doing it. One fathom at a time.

Panel 3
Close up on Brown inside his helmet. He's beginning to panic.

Brown: I can't feel 'em, Chase! I can't move. What's happening to me?

Chase: It's okay, Brown. Keep it together. We only get one test run at this before it's the real deal.

Chase: Christina has got a lock on the sub and Varley is programming the Diver Dawg now. Once we pull you back up, we only get one shot, so listen close.

Brown: This isn't helping, sir.

Chase: Those soldiers are depending on you to--

Panel 4
Same as panel 3, except Brown's helmet is creaking—his eyes go wide with terror.

SFX: CCCRRREEEEEEEEEEEKKKKK!

Brown: HOLY SHIT! My suit's collapsing! Get me outta' here! Get me the hell up, Chase! Now god dammit! NOW!

Chase: --hold it together.

<u>Page 8</u>
4 panels.

This page is a four long tall panels next to each other. The idea is to get as much water above these guys as you can so they should sit low in the panels. Be careful though, because you'll need to vary up the shots a bit to make it interesting.

Panel 1
Full figure shot of both Morgan and Brown. Brown is flailing wildly, like he's trying to grab hold of something or climb up a ladder almost. He's completely freaking out. Morgan is below Brown so he can't see him, but he can hear him through the comms so he knows what's going on.

Chase:	It's normal, Brown! It's normal! The helmet is just adjusting to the cold and the pressure.
Brown:	Screw you, Chase!
Brown:	I can feel it! God almighty, I'm dying!
Morgan:	Hold tight, Brown. I'm right here. I'll get to you and we'll get you back to the surface.
Morgan:	Right, Eric?
Chase:	…

Panel 2
Medium shot of brown as he reaches up and grabs his umbilical chord.

Brown:	This is insane! This is crap idea. No way we're going to live through this!
Brown:	And no way the guys on the SSN Texas did either. This mission is totally fubar!
Chase:	Yeah, okay. It's fubar now, Brown.

Panel 3
Brown is still holding onto the chord as Morgan grabs hold of Brown's leg, trying to calm him down.

Morgan:	Chase! Jesus, how about trying to help the situation here.

Morgan: I’ve got you, Brown. I’ve got you. Just calm down, man. Just calm down.

Chase: You guys are coming up in 3…

Chase: 2…

Chase: 1…

Panel 4
Both umbilical chords lose their slack and go tight, yanking both men up. In this panel only they should be dragged up towards the top of the panel. This is not soft. It’s violent.

Chase: Lift off.

Brown: Whoulff!

Morgan: Ungh!

Chase: See you guys in an hour.

<u>Page 9</u>
6 panels.

Panel 1
The two men are lifted out of the ocean, dangling from their umbilical chords. The rest of the crew is standing on deck if they can be seen.

SFX: FFWWWSH!

SFX: FFWWWSH!

Panel 2
The two men are swiveled by the crane supporting them and dropped onto the deck. Omar and Chase are rushing to the two men to take the equipment off of them.

SFX: THUNK!

SFX: BUNKT!

Omar: Get those helmets off!

Panel 3
Chase pulls Brown's helmet off. Brown is thankful to be alive. He thought he was going to get crushed.

Chase: Okay, Brown. You're on solid ground now, so to speak.

Chase: How you doing?

Brown: Like you care, dirt bag.

Panel 4
Chase lays into Brown.

Chase: That's precious. I was told you were the finest the Navy had to offer. Apparently I was misinformed.

Chase: You should be more motivated than the rest of us. Those are your men down there!

Brown: You think I don't know that!

Panel 5

Morgan's helmet is pulled off and he's yelling at Chase before it's even off his head, jumping to Brown's defense.

Morgan:	Chase, you son of a bitch! Leave the man alone!
Morgan:	You know how hard this is. It doesn't matter what the prize is down there, you never know who can do it and who can't.

Panel 6

Largest panel on the page. Chase gets in Morgan's face. This is it. The two of them clearly have unfinished business.

Chase:	Yeah, that's true. And I should have known better than to bring you along. If you had what it takes for the deep, Elizabeth would still be alive, wouldn't she?
Morgan:	What the hell is--?! You blame me for death? ME?!
Morgan:	Is that why you agreed to this trip? To get some kind of revenge on me? You're a twisted snake, Chase.
Morgan:	She volunteered for the dive and you know it. I've been wrecked by that day same as you, but at least I realize the reality of what went down. I don't need to invent a scapegoat.
Chase:	You should be dead! End of story.
Chase:	End of the damn story…

<u>Page 10</u>
5 panels.

Panel 1
Christina breaks into the argument. They're acting ridiculous. Their old rivalry has no place here. The clock is ticking.

Christina:	So, are you guys going to like get naked now and hump or what?
Christina:	I mean, as much as I'd love to see that an all, the rest of us have work to do. My understanding is that we've got a world to save.
Morgan:	Yeah, alright.
Chase:	Point taken. Varley, how're you coming along?

Panel 2
We see the methane ice cracked where the sub has hit it. The spider web cracks are huge and bubbles of gas are leaking out of it (scientifically, this wouldn't happen, but it's comics, so I'm going with it).

Varley:	Some of the methane ice has been escaping slowly. So I've set the Dawg to follow it on down to the source. That SHOULD be the sub's crashsite.

Panel 3
Close up on a digital counter that is counting down. It reads 03:47:44

Varley:	If the information Mr. Brown gave us in our packets is accurate, that gives us about six hours to get down there.
Varley:	According to your calculations, Dr. Chase, the fall alone will take over three hours…

Panel 4
We see the "hall" in the sub with all the missile tubes. The red lighting creating an intensity.

Varley:	So, once Morgan and Brown land, they don't have much time to disarm the bombs and find survivors.

Panel 5

Tighter on the digital counter. It now reads 03:46:59.

Varley: Not much time at all before…

<u>Page 11</u>
2 panels.

Panel 1
Splash panel 1/3 of the page. The nuclear explosion burs out of the water. Vapor explodes into the sky and a tidal wave bursts out from the center of the explosion.

Panel 2
¾ of the page OR the entire splash, bleeding off the page on all four sides (with panel 1 as an inset). Pull out so we're looking at the planet as a ring of fire is sweeping over the northern hemisphere, annihilating everything in it's path. The epicenter of the explosion is so great that debris is actually being cast off into space. This is Armageddon. This is the end of all life on Earth so make it count!

<u>Page 12</u>
3 panels.

Panel 1
Christina pulls the team together. She's standing in the center of the circle they've all formed.

Christina: Okay. We all set then, Dr. Chase?

Chase: Except for one thing…

Panel 2
Brown, still looking frazzled and tired, hunched over with his hands on his knees is looking up at them. He's got some encouraging words.

Chase: …Brown and Morgan ain't going.

Brown: What? We're in the best shape by far. Like you said, those are my brothers down there?

Panel 3
Chase pulls the tarp off of the Diver Dawg. This should be a pretty big panel as we reveal the Diver Dawg in its full glory for the first time.

Chase: As YOU said, it's actually MY brother down there.

Chase: I'm going.

<u>Page 13</u>
8 panels.

Panel 1
The team scatters in different directions. Except Morgan who stays put with Chase.

Chase: Now get moving.

Panels 2-5 are small panels that sit on one tier.

Panel 2
Varley turns on all systems on the Diver Dawg.

Varley: Diver Dawg is ready to take you down.

Panel 3
Omar is checking Brown's suit. It looks good.

Omar: The suit checks out. It'll hold.

Panel 4
Christina is looking through a view-finder like a microscope, but larger and we can't see the bottom of it. The idea is that it goes through the boat and out under water.

Christina: Currents are a little jittery but nothing that should get in our way too badly.

Panel 5
Brown speaking into a microphone (out of the swim gear now).

Brown: Comms are online. We're good to go. Chase, you sure you can do this?

Panel 6
Chase is in the foreground inside the boat's cabin. He's putting on wet gear. Morgan is entering from a door behind Chase.

Morgan: You know you can't go, right?

Chase: You and Brown aren't exactly giving me a choice, are you?

Morgan:	I can do this, Eric. I'll go with you.

Panel 7
Chase continues putting on his gear. Morgan picks up Chase's diving collar and fiddles with it in his hands.

Morgan:	Look. You and I—
Morgan:	The point is… If you dive in your condition, you'll die. And you know it.
Morgan:	Cutting through the bull, I loved her too. You know it and I know it. I'm not saying she loved me back, but I am saying—
Morgan:	Look. The bottom line…
Morgan:	…This isn't how she'd want you to go.

Panel 8
Tight on Chase. Speaking to Morgan intently.

Chase:	I'm a walking cliché to you, aren't I? Just going to throw myself in the water so I can die.
Chase:	If I wanted to die, I'd be dead. I've had my chances.
Chase:	You think I'm suicidal? And the others? They think that too?
Morgan:	I know different. I know what's really going on.

<u>Page 14</u>
6 panels.

Panel 1
Small panel. Close up on the digital counter. It now reads 03:28:12

Panel 2
Chase comes out of the cabin onto the deck. He's wearing his rubber suit and ready to get into the bulky deep sea diver suit. The sun is setting. It's tense because everyone knows how serious this mission is.

Panel 3
The crew is there. Everyone ready and waiting. All somber.

Panel 4
Close up on Chase as he looks them over.

Panel 5
They all stare back, kind of unbelieving.

Panel 6
Extreme close up on Chase's eyes.

Chase: Let's dive.

<u>Page 15</u>
6 panels.

Panel 1
Omar helps Chase climb into the bigger deep sea diving suit. He gives a few last words of caution.

Omar: Remember, Eric, you're going to feel it. The cold. The pressure. All of it. Just keep your mind clear.

Omar: I've put enough weight on you to take down Godzilla, so you won't have to do a thing. You'll drop and fast.

Chase: Omar.

Chase: …

Omar: I-I know.

Panel 2
Omar is putting on Chase's helmet. Chase says one last thing.

Chase: I mean it.

Panel 3
The helmet locks into place and seals.

SFX: CHFFF!

Panel 4
Chase is hoisted over the boat's side by the crane. Umbilicals and everything attached to his suit. The Diver Dawg is being dropped in the water with a chord that goes up to Chase's wrist.

Varley: Diver Dawg away. Just hang onto that tether and he'll take you right to the sub.

Panel 5
Morgan and Brown in the communications room speaking into the microphone.

Brown: Dr. Chase, all readings are looking good. Your heart rate, body temperature. All of it.

Morgan: We'll be monitoring you from here and we can affect change in the suit, so if you get cold, you let us know and we'll pump up the heat. You hear me?

Chase (radio balloon): Loud and clear, fellas.

Brown: We're all set. Ready when you are.

Panel 6
Chase gives the thumbs up.

<u>Page 16</u>
1 panel.

Panel 1
Looking straight up at Chase as he drops through the ocean's surface and turns upside down (so we're looking straight at his face as he comes down towards us looking at us). We can see the bottom of the boat above him and all the bubbles from where he broke through the surface. This is our hero shot so make him look cool!

Note: Chase is holding onto a chord (linked to him) that is attached to the Diver Dawg which goes in front of him at all times.

Caption: Time to detonation: 03:18:27.

<u>Page 17</u>
6 panels.

Panel 1
Tall panel stretches the entire left side of the page as Chase sinks fast. Bottom of the boat at the top of the panel, Chase at the bottom.

Chase: Damn, Omar. You weren't kidding. I think I'm sinking at the speed of sound.

The remaining panels are stacked on the right side of the page. They're all in the boat, so they should be horizontal or at least square panels.

Panel 2
Morgan and Brown in the radio room. The rest of the team coming in behind them. Brown is speaking into the microphone. Morgan sitting with him.

Morgan: You picked the man for a reason.

Brown: Alright. Touchdown didn't mess anything up. We're all clear.

Morgan: You sure you can handle this?

Chase: Sure as I ever am.

Panel 3
Christina is checking the currents.

Christina: We're going to run into some chop with the currents, Chase.

Chase: So what do I do about it?

Christina: Hopefully, the "dawg" will course correct for you.

Christina: You just have to stay alive.

Panel 4
Varley is monitoring Diver Dawg. There's glitch he alerts the crew.

Varley: Don't you worry about the pooch. If you smell something, it's the Dawg 'cause it's the shizza.

SFX: GLLZZKT!

Varley: Son of a—

Panel 5
Varley smacks the computer.

SFX: BAM

Panel 6
Everything's fine now. No problem he turns to say.

Varley: No worries. Everything's G in the H.

Chase: Right. Sounds perfect, Varley. I have absolute confidence in you.

Chase: Really.

Chase: Total confidence…

<u>Page 18</u>
3 panels.

For the remaining sequence, all panels are tall, long panels, each panel is getting thinner (but same height—they can bleed top and bottom if you like) than the one before it. This makes each panel look deeper than the one before it. On this page, we've got three panels, next page we've got five, and on the last page we'll have way more…

Also, Chase should probably get continually smaller so that it feels like we're seeing more and more space above him…

Panel 1
Chase is at the top of the panel, umbilical stretching up and off panel. He's righted himself so his feet are down.

Caption: Time to detonation: 03:10:11.

Chase: It's getting a little tight in here. Starting to feel the suit tighten up.

Brown: Readings are still well within normal range.

Panel 2
Chase is lower in the panel—half way. The panel is darker.

Chase: I should hope so, I've only been diving—what?

Morgan: 8 minutes, Eric. You're doing fine.

Chase: Feels longer.

Panel 3
Chase is towards the bottom, his hand-held flash light on. We can see the ridge of the continental shelf as it goes out way beyond him.

Chase: I wish you guys could see this. I can see the continental shelf…

Chase: …and I'm passing it!

Brown: Shoulda packed you a camera, huh?

Chase: It's amazing.

Brown: Your depth is 150 meters. Right on schedule.

<u>Page 19</u>
5 panels.

Panel 1
We can see Chase and the huge wall behind him. It's darker still.

Caption: Time to detonation: 02:08:44.

Chase: It's just a sheer wall. It goes up and down forever, I think.

Morgan: Having a litt—ring you, Ch-- --rything okay?

Chase: I still read you. Getting choppy though.

Panel 2
The wall is completely dark, but Chase has swiveled with his flashlight. We see huge cracks in the ice wall.

SFX (on helmet): CCCRRREEEEEEEEEEKKKKK!

Chase: Helmet's adjusting. Still good.

Panel 3
Blackness. Chase is smaller in frame.

Morgan: Hey 'ole buddy. How we sound now?

Chase: Loud and clear.

Morgan: Brown's working on the equipment but the depth and cold are getting to it. How's the Dawg?

Panel 4
Chase is lower in the panel, just below half way down the panel.

Chase: Dawg looks good. Tell Varley he does good work.

Varley: I know this, Dr. Chase. I know this.

Chase: And humility too.

Panel 5

Thinner panel, Chase is smaller and closer to the bottom of the panel.

Chase: It is getting a bit cold in here though. Can you guys turn up the heat?

Morgan: Omar, can you pump the heat up to full?

Omar: You got it.

Omar: Heat to full. Check.

<u>Page 20</u>
10 panels.

Panel 1
Tall and thin. Chase small in frame towards the top.

Caption: Time to detonation: 01:42:30.

Chase: Hard to breathe, guys.

Chase: …

Chase: You guys there?

Panel 2
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel. His helmet creeks.

Chase: Guys?

Morgan: LosSKKAWWK—SKK-- --SKWEEEEEEE-- --ase! Chase! Do you –SHHHHKKRRRR--!

Chase: Guys?!

Panel 3
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel.

Chase: Morgan!

Panel 4
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel.

Caption: Time to detonation: 01:06:23.

Panel 5
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel. About half way down the panel.

Chase: Oh, god…

Chase: …alone…

Panel 6

Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel.

Caption: Time to detonation: 00:41:17.

Panel 7
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly. About ¾ down the panel.

Chase (wobbly balloon): …hunh… …hunh… …hunh…

Panel 8
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel.

Caption: Time to detonation: 00:27:55.

Panel 9
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly in panel.

Chase (wobbly balloon): …hhhhnnnnnnnnnuuuuuuunnhh…

Panel 10
Tall and even thinner. Chase falls slightly. Bottom of panel.

Caption: Time to detonation: 00:22:22.

Page 21
4 panels.

Panel 1
Extreme close up on Chase's face. A vertical panel. He's looking up and his eyes are rolling into the back of his head. It's like he's passing out, but kind of shaking from the cold. He does not look good.

Chase: ggkkkkkkkk—

Panel 2
Vertical panel. Chase's feet dangle, finding no perch. Surrounded by blackness.

Panel 3
Another vertical panel. Close up on his hand letting go of the tether to Diver Dawg. The hand is floating relaxed and the rope is simply slipping away.

Panel 4
Last vertical panel. Same as panel 2 accept Chase's feet hit bottom. They actually hit the sub but we won't reveal that until the next page.

SFX: TUNK! TUNK!

<u>Page 22</u>
1 panel.

Panel 1
Splash page. Bird's eye view looking down on Chase, passed out lying on his back. We're pulled up high enough that we can see that he's landed on top of the sub. He's there. He made it! He's just not conscious. Note that the sub is lit only from his flashlight and the lights from the circling Diver Dawg.

Caption: Time to detonation: 00:17:11.

To be continued…